

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. E. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Turkey will probably fall without kindling a great European war. The bear and the lion fear as much as they hate each other.

Somebody has invented a clothes-washing machine, and in order that it may not be entirely worthless has fixed it so that it may be used as a churn.

When Queen Victoria's chaplain, who has just preached his five thousandth sermon, looks at Albert Edward he must sometimes ask himself what's the use.

Farmers throughout this section rejoice in the rains. Crops are mainly out of harm's way, and the long- parched earth drinks in new value with every precious drop that falls.

Judging by the fact that Li Hung Chang's bill at the Waldorf Hotel in New York was only \$12,000, there must be some mistake in the statement that he stayed there three days.

Indications are that the fur seal will presently pass out of existence along with the buffalo. Hunters say hundreds of females, thus destroying their own livelihood, and exterminating the species.

A sea captain has arrived in New York who expresses his willingness to make affidavit that his ship ploughed through fifty miles of snakes off Borneo. The air or the whisky off Borneo must have a strange effect upon the human mind.

Some people fail to see why it isn't as virtuous an act for a Christian multimillionaire to pay his taxes without kicking us to give money to the endowment fund of a college. Can it be that the publicity of the latter form of expenditure makes the difference?

Brooklyn's water supply is so bad that a Brooklyn man says that he has to take five drops of nux vomica to every half-glass of water, and even then the water tastes vile. If he will increase the amount of nux a little the taste won't bother him any more.

A New York court has decided that a girl may keep an engagement ring after breaking off the engagement, by way of compensation for gas and coal used during the courtship, so young men had better see to it that the ring isn't worth more than the gas bill comes to.

How many people of this country would submit to the transfusion of African blood into their veins in order to be prepared to endure the African climate? But Stanley says he submitted to such an operation five times; and to this fact he attributes it that he is the sole survivor of the most dangerous of his African trips.

The runner is disgraced by being made the tool of gamblers, the trotters are temporarily unable to hold the public eye by putting forward any new champion of sensational ability. This is the year of the pacer. The people come out to see the battles of the kings of the side-wheel gait, and fashion in the East, at least, has set its seal of approval upon the pacer for road driving. The long-despised has come into his kingdom.

At an auction sale in Charleston, just before the breaking out of the war, the auctioneer, after knocking down odd bits of dry goods and remnants, picked up an American flag and cast it down with the contemptuous remark that he would not ask a bid for that useless rag. This was too much for one of the bystanders, a rough-looking man, and he called out: "I bid ten dollars!" At the word he elbowed his way through the crowd, took the flag, and bore it off.

The cheapness of lard, caused largely by cotton-seed oil substitutes, has taken off the advantage which the extra fat corn-fed hog had in the market. It is no longer pays to grow such animals. A thirty pig with plenty of lean meat, and little more than fat enough to cook it, makes better pork and what will bring the highest market price. It may not be cheaper for the farmer to produce this lean pork—we doubt it is—but it certainly will be more healthful food for the pork consumer.

Fifty well-to-do ladies in a certain block in St. Louis, enraged at the continual neglect of the street department to clean the alley running between their houses, and after with the spirit of the "new woman," took the matter in their own hands the other day, and with shovels, hoes and brooms in a few minutes gathered all the dirt and filth in piles, which they hired the ash man to carry away; so that, at the close of their effort, their alley was "clean as a kitchen floor." And now the city officials are scratching their heads and wondering if it wouldn't be policy for them to attend a little closer to their duties in order to hold on to their jobs.

The troubles of the Sultan grow apace, and among all the embarrassments of an external kind the local question of an empty Treasury comes to the front again, and threatens to split the old bulk completely asunder. It is money, rather than patriotism, which keeps the Turkish soldiers in line. This may be one of the ingredients of the patriotism which moves an army in all countries, but it is, at any rate, a certain thing that the Turk needs a salary, and needs it often. Army and civil officials in Turkey have been in arrears of pay for a long time. They have gotten a little now and then, after strenuous efforts, either out of the public chest or from the Sultan's private purse, but there is no doubt that the financial troubles are among the most ominous which are now closing in upon Constantinople on all sides, and from every direction. In the meantime, public opinion in England is being deeply aroused again, as it has not been since the Armenian massacres were at their height, and

the great Eastern drama seems to be coming nearer and nearer to its climax every day.

An entire locomotive-making plant will be taken soon to St. Petersburg from Philadelphia on the British steamship Laleham, which has been chartered for the purpose. The plant is to be erected at Nijni-Novgorod, the commercial metropolis of the interior of the Russian Empire. Contracts for machinery for the plant, amounting to over \$500,000, were awarded to American manufacturers, most of them Philadelphia firms. The plant is to be built for an extensive establishment engaged in manufacturing cars, steamboats, steam boilers, and employing 5,000 hands. The locomotive plant will have a capacity for building 200 engines a year, and will employ about 1,000 hands. All of the foremen and engineers will be Americans. The buildings have been completed and are now ready to receive the machinery. The company will be known as the Russian-American Manufacturing Company.

Preparatory to the rush for Alaska, in the early springtime, many newspapers uttered warnings which, had they been heeded, would have averted untold suffering. The latest advice from our far northwest are most distressing. Hundreds of Americans whose desire for wealth overpowered their judgment are now stranded along the coast and praying that the Government transport them back to Portland or San Francisco, whence tramping will be possible. Alaska's winter is near at hand. To those residents who have ample supplies of the things necessary to make life possible it has no charms. To those who are in poverty—and there are many such—the future is as gloomy and horrible as it could possibly be. It is likely that the general government will practically be compelled to assist the unfortunate, although the individuals alone are responsible for the distressing situation in which they now find themselves. That the lesson taught by this misery will be heeded is not at all probable. Man, the most intelligent of all animals, rarely profits by the experience of his fellows.

One of the lesser lights of the Orient accompanying Li Hung Chang revealed the astonishing fact that "only a small portion of the population of China is aware that there was a war with Japan and that the Chinese forces were defeated." The remark was brought out in a discussion of the immense revenue China must raise to pay the indemnity to Japan. It was not considered desirable to try to obtain much of this money by increasing the domestic taxes for fear the suspicions of the Chinese should be aroused as to this Japan war. If the statement had emanated from Li himself one would be induced to believe it another one of his manifestations of wit between snoozes. One would presume he meant that even the Chinese realized that the kind of fighting in which they indulged could hardly be dignified by the name of war, and that a rout so complete as the one they sustained could not be adequately described as a "defeat." But the titled Chinaman who gives the information cannot be suspected of subtlety. He means exactly what he says, that most of the Chinese do not know that a war was waged and ended to the disadvantage of the Chinese Emperor and Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket. This blissful ignorance is a matter of no concern to the people of the United States, except possibly to the students of ethnology. It has been the common belief that China is four centuries behind the front rank of civilized nations, but it is apparent that a thousand or so must be added to these four hundred. A nation so beautifully whipped as was China that has failed yet to learn of the little circumstance seems to be so hopelessly benighted as to discourage any attempts at enlightenment.

The Chinese Schoolboy.

The Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study, says an exchange. At the age of 5 a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he rises and, after dressing as quickly as possible, he starts breakfast to school. He is given a task and after it is completed he is allowed an hour for breakfast. Again, later, he has an hour for luncheon, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week.

All this time when he is not reciting his lessons he is studying aloud at the top of his voice. He is under the eye of his master both in school and on his way to and from school. The lad is taught rudimentary astronomy, physics and natural history, but greater stress is put upon writing and his literary studies.

"A Thousand Letters," a poem, is the study that forms the backbone of his literary education. In it are taught all such matters. Whatever the study may be—history, classics or science—every lesson is learned and repeated word for word.

The First Yacht Built in America.

A number of wealthy gentlemen in New York city founded the New York Boat Club in 1830; and for them Mr. Francis built the first yacht ever constructed in America. He was able, you see, to turn his hand to almost anything which had to do with sailing on the sea. Some Canadian gentlemen wanted a racing rowboat to beat the boat of some of their friends from England who were coming over from the motherland to give them battle at Quebec. Mr. Francis was called upon to build the boat. It was of mahogany, brass fastened, and it weighed only sixty pounds, a remarkably light racing boat for that day. It was four-oared and was thirty feet long. They called it the "Eagle," and it well deserved its name, for it won the race against the craft boats of the English. It was the first rowboat for racing purposes ever built in America.—St. Nicholas.

How They Were Hurt.

An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid in Maine shows 531 persons injured by falls on pavements, 243 by carriages or wagons, 75 by horse kicks or bites, and 47 by horseback riding; 117 were cut with edge tools or glass, 96 were hurt by having weights fall on them, and 78 were hurt by bicycle accidents, while 72 were hurt by falling down stairs.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

Come, draw the chairs around the hearth,
My lad,
What! it's but 10 o'clock, and all is
bright?
If I had kept that strength that once I
had,
They had been ranged there with the
morning's light.
Just once a year, just once, poor souls!
They're let
To cross the old home threshold, and to
sit
Beside the fire, and here we don't forget;
I say, they're ready ere the lamps are
lit!

Put the old grandmamma's elbow-seat the
fire,
In the warm corner that he called his
own;
And next the rocker, where thy mother
nursed
Her first-born, proud as on a monarch's
throne;
And then the little stool that she would
draw
Close up to me as we sat laughing there,
And I would make as if I scarcely saw
The freight dancing on her sunny hair.

Up there at Enogat the tall grass waves,
And the red roses glitter in the sun,
The three tall crosses mark the three
green graves,
Where they lie quiet, life's hot battles
done;
Old man, and matron, and unwedded
maid,
For many a weary year of labor zone,
But they will rise, for all so deeply laid,
And seek us on the eve of good St. John.

Pour out three cups of the old cider, boy;
Put the three sweetest apples on the
plate;
Bring flowers, to give the board a look
of joy;
And then go rest while I sit here and
wait;
I shall not greet them at the open door,
I shall not see them lift the heavy latch,
Nor hear their footsteps on the oaken
floor,
Though eyes and ears are straining as
I watch.

And yet, I think, as they come in at last,
That I shall know them near me once
again,
And all the gladness of the dear dead past
Will beat upon more in dulling heart and
brain;
While age and weariness, like robes out-
worn,
Will drop from off me, and young, brave
and true,
With wrongs forgiven and sweet hopes
reborn,
I and my loved our lost lives will renew.

What, the old man is doting, is he lad?
Perhaps so; yet he'll have his willful
way,
And give our rites the honor that they
had,
Ere all was cold and scornful, as to-
day!
See how the west is palling. Set the
chairs,
And go; all round us must be still and
dumb.
The saints are gracious when man trusts
and dares;
My darling, oh, my darling, wilt thou
come?
—Household Words.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

There was a large party at the Chateau de Kerdall, near Yannes.

The Marquis de Kerdall and his young wife had just returned from a tour of the world on their yacht, during which they had paid flying visits to Africa, America and Oceania, and they had celebrated their home coming by gathering together all their friends and relatives at their beautiful country house.

Among the guests was old Dr. Cornubac, an illustrious member of the Academy of Metaphysical Sciences, so original, so abstract-minded, so venerable in his blonde peruke and his costume of the fashion of 1850. Then there was Mme. de Lartigue, an old school friend of the Marquis, a brilliant and coquetish Parisienne. And there was Miss Hawthorne, an English maiden lady with youthful propensities. The mystery was growing more complicated. It certainly looked as though a robber had entered the chateau—perhaps a whole band of burglars and assassins, Mme. de Lartigue imagined a troop of brigands armed to the teeth.

"Let us hope they have no guns," said the Marquis, to raise the hopes of his guests.

There was no echo to the pleasant. Suddenly a strange sound was heard coming from the ground floor. It was certainly the piano in the reception salon, but it was surely being played by goblin fingers, and so furiously that it seemed as though the keys must be broken.

"This is too much!" cried the Marquis, rushing toward the staircase, with all the crowd, excepting Dr. Cornubac, close behind him.

They hastily penetrated the salon. It was empty. The mysterious visitor was gone, but he could not be far away. The crash of china and glass announced his presence in the dining-room.

Everybody rushed thither, and the Marquis, who was in the lead, dimly saw a form escaping through the window into the garden.

"This time we've got him!" he cried.

The men seized guns and knives from a hunting rack in the vestibule and started across the garden and park in pursuit of the fugitive, while the women barricaded themselves in the salon and anxiously awaited the result of the chase.

It was about an hour later, in the uncertain light which precedes the rising of the sun, that a servant discovered the mysterious stranger ensconced among the branches of a large oak. At his call the Marquis and his guests hastened to the spot.

"Come down!" commanded M. de Kerdall, but the bandit only settled himself deeper among the foliage and made no response.

"Come down, or I will shoot!"

And, as there was no reply, he lifted his gun and already had his finger upon the trigger when the domestic hurriedly pulled his arm, and said:

"Do not fire, monsieur. It is Dr. Cornubac."

And, sure enough, the blonde wig and long redingote could now be seen among the leaves.

But at this moment the first ray of sunlight gleamed in from the east and the oak was illuminated. The Marquis suddenly broke into a fit of explosive laughter, and, as his guests gazed up into the tree, they could not keep from following his example.

"The ape!"

It seemed as though he must have removed his shoes in order to tread softly. Bathed with cold perspiration and her teeth chattering, she awaited the mortal blow from the invader. But it did not come.

After about a quarter of an hour she timidly peered out. She could see and hear nothing. Slightly reassured, she recovered the use of her voice and started a series of shrieks so sharp, piercing and terrible that in an instant the entire chateau was turned into her chamber with lights in their hands, M. and Mme. de Kerdall at the head.

"What is it? What's the matter?" they cried.

She recounted her horrible vision. They would not believe her; she had been dreaming. Who could have climbed into this chamber, so high above the ground, without a ladder?

"Did you see him plainly?" asked the Marquis, with a touch of suspicion in his voice.

"As plainly as I see you, and it even seemed—" She hesitated.

"What?"

"It seemed as though I could recognize Dr. Cornubac in his blonde wig and redingote."

Everybody laughed. What! Dr. Cornubac? A man of age and character scaling windows at midnight! It was certain now that Mme. de Lartigue had been dreaming. They tried to dissipate her fear, and she was just about to persuade herself that she had been the victim of an hallucination when she happened to cast her eyes upon the bureau, where she had left her jewels.

"They were gone! It had truly been a robber!"

The laughing suddenly ceased, and they looked at one another in consternation.

All at once another cry was heard, a piercing shriek coming through the stillness of the night. It appeared to emanate from Miss Hawthorne's chamber. There was a rush for her apartment, and the English lady was found standing in the middle of the room, with frightened eyes.

"There! there!" she cried, pointing to the window. "A man! He has escaped, but I recognized him!"

"Who was it?"

"Dr. Cornubac!"

"The doctor again! This time nobody laughed. Cornubac was looked for among the persons who had been attracted by the excitement, but he was not there. He was the only occupant of the chateau who was missing.

"Come, let us go to the doctor's room," said the Marquis, knitting his brows. "He will doubtless solve the mystery for us."

All followed Kerdall—the men half dressed, the women in their white night robes, all carrying candles—a weird procession.

Upon the entrance of the crowd the doctor hurriedly wrapped himself in the bedclothes, his wrinkled countenance alone being visible over the top, and this convulsed by anger into a comical grimace. The candle light was reflected from his bald pate, which shone like ivory.

"Is this some ill-timed joke?" he stormed. "What is going on? Is the chateau on fire? I heard a terrible outcry, and was about to inquire into it."

"You must come and join us, doctor," said Kerdall.

"And how shall I do it?" cried the doctor, furiously. "Some rascal has run off with my clothing, and in exchange he has left me this," and he savagely hurled a white object into the middle of the room.

"My corsets!" murmured Miss Hawthorne, modestly lowering her eyes.

"And this?" continued the doctor, wildly brandishing another article.

"My hat!" cried Mme. de Lartigue.

"This rallery passes all bounds," howled the doctor, whose shining head, with one final grimace, ducked beneath the bed clothing, like the clown going through a trap door in the marionette theater.

They knew not what to think. The mystery was growing more complicated. It certainly looked as though a robber had entered the chateau—perhaps a whole band of burglars and assassins, Mme. de Lartigue imagined a troop of brigands armed to the teeth.

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"The ape!"

Everything was explained. The animal had escaped from his cage the previous evening and had managed to effect an entrance into the chateau. Animated by his instinct of imitation, he had first attracted himself in the doctor's effects and then wandered over the house at his own free will.

He was put back into his prison after some little trouble, and at daybreak the party enjoyed a hearty laugh at the adventures of the night.

But Dr. Cornubac did not appear at the table. He left the chateau at an early hour, furious and without taking leave.

Since this episode he has never set foot at Kerdall, and he has never lost a feeling of deep antipathy to Mme. de Lartigue and Miss Hawthorne.

"How could they have mixed me up with a monkey?" he wants to know.—Argonaut.

SURGERY IN THE BACKWOODS.

Dislocation Treated by Means of a Pulley and Steam Engine.

"Probably as queer a piece of backwoods surgery as has been described," says a frequenter of the region, "was that performed by a Moosehead lake guide known as 'Old Sabattus,' twenty years ago. The man was not an Indian, as the nickname implies, but a Yankee, one of those rough fellows formerly characteristic of that locality. This guide was left on a lake steamboat at one of the far up landings while the engineer went ashore with the company. A man named Meservey came aboard and in fooling around the boat managed to tumble down into the fire pit and put his shoulder out of joint.

"Here was a dilemma. The other members of the party would not be back for half an hour, and the injured man was in great pain. The guide was a man of expedients. He got a rope and tied his patient securely to a post. Then he tied another rope around the man's wrist and hitched the loose end of it to a pulley of the engine. He managed somehow to turn on steam and the pulley began to wind up the rope. It drew the arm out tight in beautiful shape and presently the joint snapped back into its socket. Then 'Sabattus' jumped around to shut off steam while the pulley kept on winding. 'Holy Moses,' gasped the guide, excitedly, 'how does it go? I don't know where 'tis. I can't stop the blanked thing, and the pulley meanwhile was slowly but surely pulling Meservey to pieces. His eyes were sticking out of their sockets and he screamed and gasped for breath.

"Sabattus' danced around like a wild man, not knowing what to do, when he happened to spy a hatchet lying near and, jumping for that, he cut the rope and saved a dreadful catastrophe. This was done just as the party of city folks who had gone ashore came rushing back on to the boat, alarmed by Meservey's screams. It was some years afterward," says the narrator, "that I was present when a lot of summer company arrived at Greenville. 'Sabattus' was there, too, and presently a distinguished looking man, one of the newcomers, went up to him and said with a meaning smile: 'Are you not the man that practices surgery by steam?' and 'Sabattus' had to admit that he was 'that same feller.'—Lewiston, Me., Journal.

Dangerous Sheep.

The dangers of mountain climbing are in general pretty well understood, and so can be guarded against, but Sir W. Martin Conway, in Scribner's Magazine, narrates a mountain adventure of a really novel sort.

On the way to Mud Lake we had a strange adventure, of which I was fortunate enough to secure a photograph. We were approaching the highest sheep pasture as the day waned. The sheep, seventeen hundred in number, saw us from the surrounding slopes, and urged by a longing for salt, rushed down upon us from all sides, with one united "Baa!" in a wild, converging avalanche.

We beat off the leaders, but they could not retreat, for those behind pressed them forward. Finding that Carrel was the saltier morsel, the whole flock surged upon him. They lifted him off his feet, carried him forward, cast him to the ground and poured over him.

Fortunately the ground was flat. When the shepherd saw what had happened he whistled shrilly thrice, whereupon the sheep dispersed in terror, fleeing up the mountainside in all directions till no two remained together.

Oysters Becoming Rare.

"Oysters will be a very rare delicacy in a few years," said C. C. Hunt, an oyster man of New York. "For many years the beds were preserved to a large extent by having an oyster season and keeping alive the popular idea that oysters were not good except from September to April. This gave four months during which the oysters were let alone and allowed to increase. As a matter of fact, I think they are a little better during those four months than at any other time. This was first discovered by the seaside hotel men, and oysters were served during the summer months. The guests demanded bivalves when they returned to their homes, and now in all Eastern cities the signs of 'Fresh Oysters' are as numerous in July and August as in January and February. The new demand is being supplied, and at no time are the beds left undisturbed. It is now only a question of a few years before the oysters are gone, and all because the summer resort hotel men disabused the minds of the people as to their not being good to eat from April to September."

Thrifty Old Age.

Besides doing the butter making, cooking, washing, and housework of her family, an 80-year-old woman of Whitneyville, Me., walks a mile or two daily to pick blueberries, for which she gets about eight cents a quart.

Give a boy a piece of work to do, and he spends half of the time in inventing some contrivance to make his work easier.

A New Jersey Band.

A horse in a little New Jersey town dropped dead when it heard the local band play.

A good corn country is never a summer resort.

MANNED BY AMERICAN SAILORS.

Secretary Herbert's Efforts to Bring Natives into the Navy.

A vigorous and generally successful effort has been made by Secretary of the Navy Herbert to restore to the American navy its former national character by the employment of American seamen in place of mariners recruited from various European countries and from Canada. These foreign sailors have been attracted to the American navy by the promise of larger pay than is offered by other governments. Under a law passed by Congress, upon the recommendation of Secretary Herbert, the naturalization of sailors was authorized under certain conditions. Since this law went into operation the secretary has begun the policy of enlisting as many Americans as possible, and the foreign element is gradually disappearing from our navy.

Sailors on American ships are better paid than any others; Italian sailors have the poorest pay. Yet Italy stands fourth among nations in respect of the number of seamen employed in commerce, England being first, the United States second, and Norway and Sweden third. Originally, and for many years before the introduction of steamships, the Yankee sailors from New England towns and the Southern sailors from North and South Carolina and other seaboard States made the navy of the United States famous and feared. The early history of our navy was a long succession of brilliant triumphs. Big guns, armor plates and machinery have combined to reduce the importance of the individual sailor. The standard of compensation in the navy continuing to be low, American seamen were not attracted to it; foreign-born seamen took their places. The force became denationalized. The Secretary Herbert is trying to change.

Rear Admiral Boardlee, commanding the Pacific station, is reported as declaring that the course adopted for recruiting for the ships only young American citizens as far as possible has accumulated a large body of excellent men, natives of the Pacific coast. When their terms of service have expired, he says, and they return to their homes, "there will be mingled with the people a very strong element of well-trained men who will undoubtedly join the naval militia." In this eddy join the naval militia. "In this way, by the extension of naturalization, and by the establishment of restrictions upon the employing of subjects of alien governments who have their homes in other lands, it is designed to restore a national character to the American navy. Another aid to this is the naval militia now organized in fifteen of the forty-five States, a force of 2,800 men, upon whom, in case of war, the protection of the coasts and harbors, in default of adequate fortification, will in part devolve.—New York Sun.

Very Polite.

The Saxons are a very polite people, so over-polite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves.

It used to be told in Dresden that a stranger in the city was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to be directed to a certain church which he wished to find.

"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I cannot tell you."

The stranger paused on a little surprised at this vexing answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a few rods, when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and, turning, saw the same man running to catch up with him.

In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say:

"My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother and asked him, but I grieve to say that he did not know, either."

Typhoid Fever and Bananas.

William C. Urey, M. D., of St. Louis, says that the best food for those suffering from typhoid fever is the banana. In this disease, he explains, the lining membrane of the small intestine becomes intensely inflamed and engorged. Eventually it begins sloughing away in spots, leaving well defined ulcers. At these places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin. A solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines and dire results will follow. Therefore solid foods, or foods containing a large amount of nutritious substances, as compared with nutritious substances, are dangerous and are to be avoided. The banana, although it may be classed as a solid food, containing as it does 95 per cent. nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate these sore spots. Nearly the whole amount taken into the stomach is absorbed and gives the patient more strength than can be obtained from other food.—New York Tribune.

Mistress of the Robes.

Of all the official banquets in London that are organized each year on the occasion of the birthday of Queen Victoria, there is none more curious than that given by the mistress of the robes to her majesty. The mistress of the robes is the feminine head of the royal household, and has under her orders all the ladies in waiting, the maids of honor, the bedchamber women and the readers. She receives a large salary and perquisites, and is regarded as possessing such an amount of influence that, since the days of Sir Robert Peel, fifty years ago, her tenure of office has invariably been co-existent with that of the cabinet.

Care of the Clothes at the Seaside.

The woman who really succeeds in always looking trim and spruce and stylish at the shore is she who thinks it all carefully out beforehand. In her trunk will be tucked away an iron and a small oil stove ready for use. Whenever the damp sea winds choose to ravage among her pretty things she is a match for them. The arrangement of even the best of summer hotels is adverse to the keeping nice of the summer wardrobe.

You will run across a man often whose boarding house suits him, than one who is suited with his home.



The bicycle is the theme of a novel, "A Widow on Wheels," soon to be published in London.

Mr. Swinburne has in the press a large and more important poem than any he has published for some years.

It is said that one of the leading magazines has decided to expend about \$30,000 for woodcuts during the coming year.

The late Robert Louis Stevenson made \$150,000 in twelve years and there are many other modern writers whose incomes are as large.

The latest surprise in collaboration is a story written in English by M. Daudet and R. H. Sherard. These writers make an oddily assorted pair. One is a master; the other is a facile writer of gossipy journalism.

Douglas Jerrold was sometimes witty at the expense of his wife. Her name told her, when she was no longer young, that he wished wives were like bananas, so that one of 40 could be exchanged for two of 20.

Renan made a strange remark not long before his death: "I fear that the work of the twentieth century will consist in taking out of the wastebasket a multitude of excellent ideas which the nineteenth century has senselessly thrown into it."

It appears that Lafcadio Hearn's passion for the orient has led him to go the whole length of expatriation, as he has changed his name to Y. Kojima, which is certainly more picturesque, but hardly as attractive to a Western mind.

An important collection of letters to be published in Cosmopolis is made up of the correspondence of Tourgenieff, and includes letters to Mme. Viardot, Flaubert, Dumas fils, Guy de Maupassant, M. Bala, and others. They will be published in six installments.

A marble statue to Lord Byron has been unveiled at Athens, presented to the city by Demetrios Stefanidis Scheylitz. The suggestion has been made that a miniature of the work might appropriately be presented in any one who can pronounce the doctor's name without sneezing.

"I take my work too seriously," writes Hall Caine to a friend who had asked him whether he cared for the criticism his books received, "and I am too much immersed in it and in love with it either to be carried away by the warmest eulogy or disturbed by the severest censure."

Tolstoy recently went to the theater for the first time in thirty years. It was his own play, "The Power of Darkness," that was being given, and he hoped to escape observation in the top gallery. But he was quickly identified, and attracted so much more attention than the actors that he fled in haste.

Sir Edwin Arnold is said to have one of the most remarkable memories in England. A friend of the poet's chanced to read to him the opening line of one of Whitman's poems the other day, whereupon Arnold interrupted him and repeated the entire poem from memory. Arnold then recited every poem in the book, which happened to be the "Leaves of Grass," and succeeded in reciting every word of even the most obscure poems.

Abel Hermant, the author of "La Meute," the successful new piece in Paris, has had a lively literary career. First he wrote a story of college life, which was publicly burnt by the students of the Ecole Normale. Then he wrote a story of military life, which was burnt in the presence of the regiment by its indignant colonel, while in due course all the officers challenged the novelist. And finally the new play has provoked a duel with the Prince de Sagan.

John Hawthorne is the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was born in 1846, but he does not show his 50 years. When he was a boy of 7 some lady's remark on the fact that he was "weak chested" stung him and he determined to make that comment impossible in the future. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that while he was in college his chest measure was 48 inches, and it is now 54 inches, the late John C. Henan, the pugilist, advised the young man to enter the ring.

An Experiment in Profit-Sharing.

An Ohio manufacturing concern, which has been experimenting with profit-sharing plans for eleven years, has finally evolved a plan radically different from profit sharing and more like a permanent wage increase, with a provision for withholding the increase from the more negligent workmen. At first the commonly talked-of plan of dividing a certain portion of the profits among the workmen was tried, each employee sharing according to his earnings. The first dividend to employees was declared at the end of 13 months, and was at the rate of 13.47 per cent on the wages paid. One workman received \$275 all-around. But it was found the men did not take much interest in this plan, so it was modified and the men were arbitrarily classified according to the interest they were understood to show in their work and their efficiency, the most active receiving a larger share than the others, and all dividends being withheld from those who were noticeably careless. The money so withheld did not go to the firm, but was added to the part allotted to the workmen and divided among them. Then the firm became a corporation, and the plan was changed. The average amount paid had been a 12 per cent dividend, so it was decided to pay a uniform rate of 12 per cent on wages, the right to withhold dividends for neglect being retained. Employees are helped to buy stock if they wish. Employers and employees are said to be satisfied with this arrangement.—New York Tribune.

Every man is privately of the opinion that his wife saves the bulk of her week's housework to do on Sunday morning.